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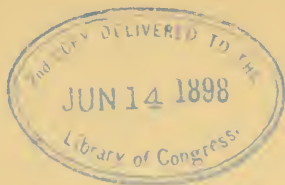
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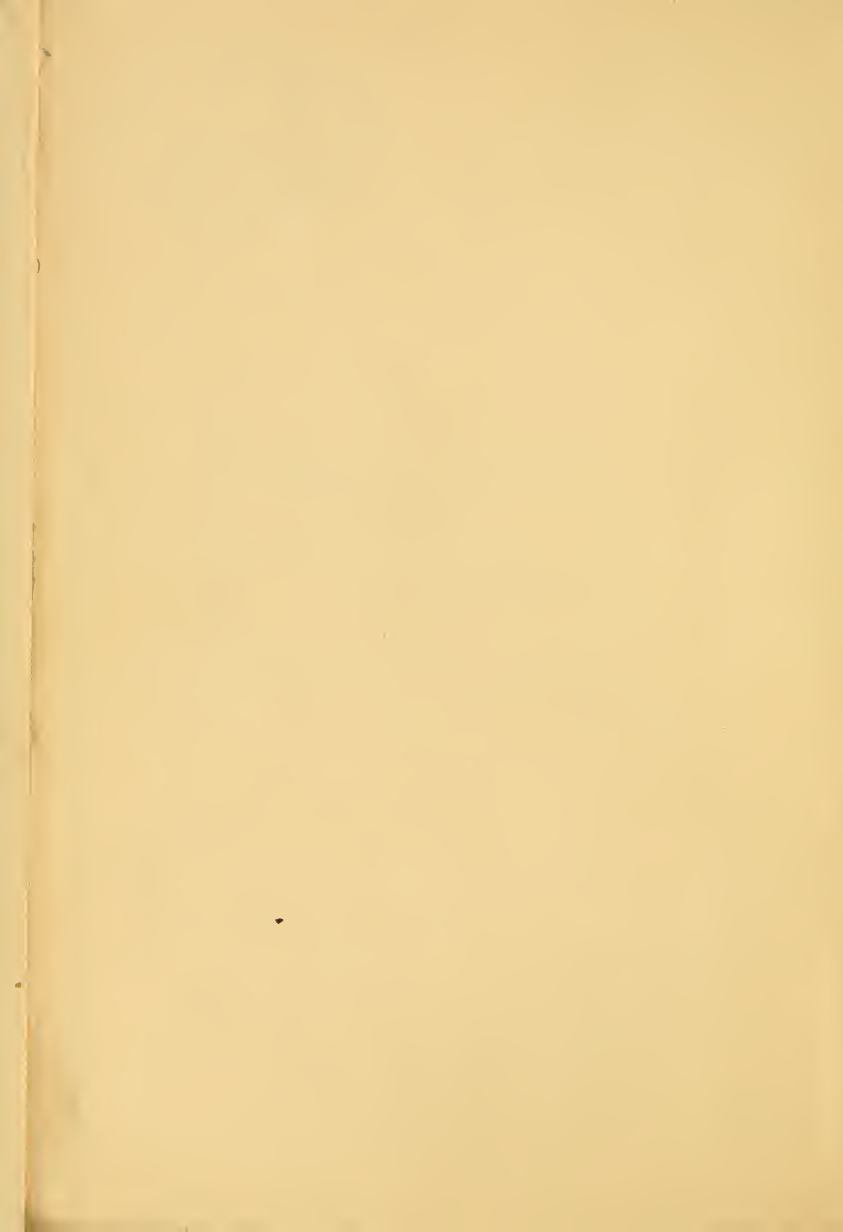
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AUTHOR'S EDITION.

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Ruth Ward Kahn.

THE FIRST QUARTER.

BY
RUTH WARD KAHN.



THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO.,
CINCINNATI.

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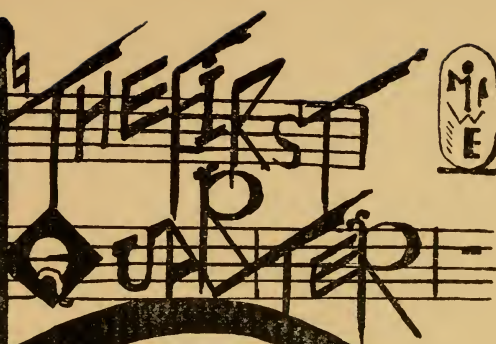
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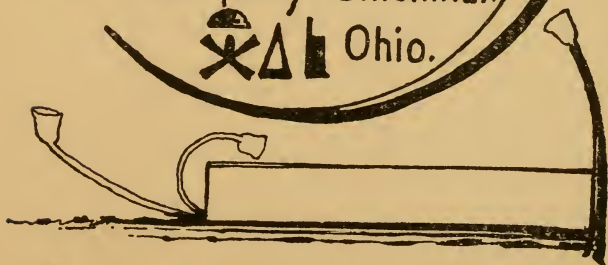
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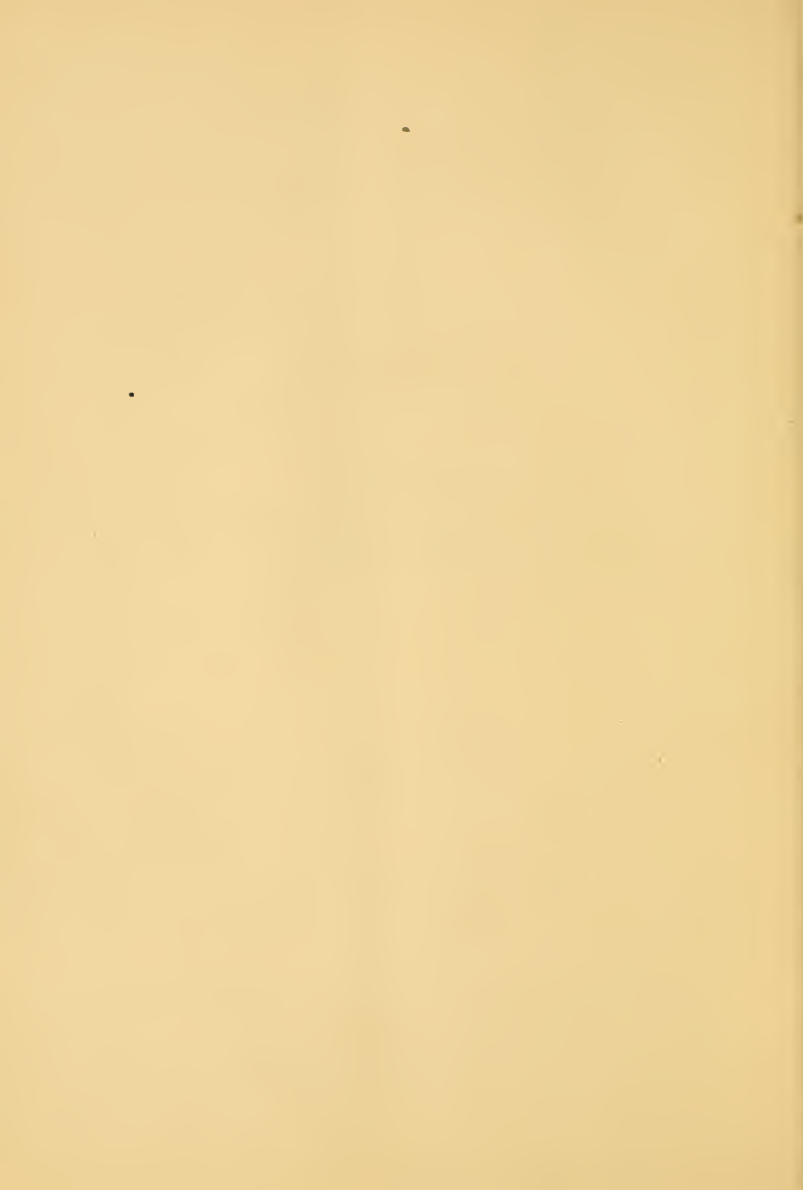



RUTH WARD KAHN 

 The Editor Publishing
Company. Cincinnati
 Ohio.



TO MY HUSBAND,
DR. LEE KAHN,
MY SEVEREST CRITIC; MOST ENJOYABLE COMPANION;
AND DEAREST FRIEND.



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MARCH.

And you are first ; though you were thrust unkindly
From out the place where you were wont to be,
Your majesty you proved by doing finely
The tedious tasks that fate assigned to thee.

And you are first ; though Janus sits supinely,
Upon the throne that Rome once gave to thee—
A monarch, he, who does his work divinely—
So first you are unto the world and me.

APRIL.

April is here ; on every hand
The daffodils are springing,
And far and near, and loud and clear,
I hear the robins singing.

Now in her lap she holds sweet flowers,
And promises June roses,
And oft to me, her dearest friend,
She many tales discloses.

She tells me how her lover came
And roused her from her slumber,
And crowned her head with asphodels
And violets, without number.

A thing of life and beauty, do I see thee, April sweet,
Breathing balm from scented meadows to the crowded dusty
street.

Singing till the world doth listen to thy merrymaking gay,
Strewing all the paths with flowers, for thy sweet successor—
May.

MAY.

It is May in my life, and May in the weather ;
The glad year and I are young together ;
Nothing know we of the summer's heat
The autumn's dust, or the winter's sleet,
For it's May in my life, and May in the weather ;
The fair year and I are young together.
Nothing know we of the frost and snow,
Or the untried path where our feet must go,
For our life has only just reached its May,
And we are mirthful, and glad and gay.

IF WHILE THE BODY SLEEPS.

If, while the body sleeps, the soul could steal
Forth from its fleshly prison to the day,
Feel summer's breath, and drink the morning dews,
With every sin laid like a robe away ;
If one could walk unseen, yet see all hidden good,
And, looking back, behold its house of sin,
Of weak uncleanness and narrow bounds,
Who, once released, again would enter in?

THE CHILDREN.

From my window I hear the children
As they laugh and shout at play,
And they fill my heart with music,
They make my night like day.

Lighter than wind-flowers wafted
From the beach far out to sea,
Sweeter than angel's singing,
Do their voices come to me.

The sheen on their hair is brighter
Than all earth's gold, I know,
And the little hearts are whiter
Than the purest driven snow.

Come again, and again, Oh, children!
Come under my window and play,
For you lift from my heart its burden,
You lighten the cares of the day.

TURNING THE SCALE.

As Nature, toying with the dawn,
A thousand pearls oft throws
To rouse the spirit into life,
Of a single sleeping rose ;

So but one tripping of the feet
May have the power to throw
Night's darkest shadow o'er our hearts,
And fill our days with woe.

A FRAGMENT.

“No toil is lost!” say the prophets;
And so it may be, that I,
In keeping my feet from the brambles
Have won me a way to the sky.

COLUMBIA.

Oh glorious country, mine and free,
With joy my heart looks up to thee—
Columbia!

With pleasure see on every hand,
Thy valiant sons in armor stand,
To do thy will.

Thy banners, floating to the breeze,
Thy sylvan brooks and shady trees,
Make me rejoice.

Thy flag floats from the peasant's home,
As proud as from a mountain throne,
And laughs with glee.

No land has skies one half as fair,
No sunbeams ever feel as rare,
As those of thine.

Thy zephyrs floating on their way,
Kiss neither serf nor bonded clay,
Nor ever shall.

Thy sons are free, thy daughters free,
Free from the mountains to the sea,
And that is why I love but thee,
Columbia!

TO A FRIEND.

IN MEMORY OF ANN ARBOR.

The winds have blown our barks apart,
And borne mine out to sea ;
You ride at anchor in the port
And daily signal me.

* * * *

Some day, when waves have spent their force,
And seek the shore to rest,
I know they'll bring me back to you
Upon their snowy crest.

* * * *

Then sheltered safe from every storm
We'll put no more to sea,
But side by side at anchor ride,
Forever, you and me.

THE BEGINNING.

Out from the home of the angels,
Far, far away, there came
A wee little timid first poem,
And asked me to give it a name.

It came and dragged at my heart strings,
Till I could not say it "Nay."
I named the sweet child, and I've lived to bless
The time that it first saw day.

This poor, little, wee first poem,
Still lies in my desk unread;
Some day I shall shrine it in amber,
With a gem at the foot and the head.

Some day I shall set it in diamonds,
And smile at its costly bed,
For but for this wee first poem,
The rest would be all unsaid.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

We tried to bury Love—
My love and I;
We dug him deep a grave
And piled it high.
But when we home returned
We found him there,
Above the mantle-place
Serene and fair.—
Now nevermore from out our lives
Will he depart;
My love his quiver ever bears,
And I, his dart.

WEALTH.

I am rich in many, many things,
That would not pass current, I know ;
I have pearls that are whiter than sea-foam,
And rubies with firelight glow.

I have diamonds that glisten and sparkle,
And outshine the sun in their gleam,
I have opals whose varying shadows,
Vie with the rainbow's sheen.

My wealth would not pass current
With other people, I know,
For my pearls are my baby's dainty teeth,
Purer and whiter than snow,

And my diamonds are the darling's eyes,
And my rubies are his cheeks,
My opals the tints of his dainty skin,
And my gold the words he speaks.

IMMORTALITY.

As the chemist burns a dainty flower,
And then from its dead ashes, raises
A spectrum of it, as it was in life;
So restless spirits when their cloak is old,
And hath decayed, and scattered to the winds,
Take once again the shape they loved so well,
And this is immortality!
For lo! we never die, but pass,
From body into body, form to form,
Until at last, cleansed from each sin, and fault,
And defect dire, we pass from earth up to a region higher,
And go to dwell forever with our God.

GOOD NIGHT.

“Good-night, my precious love,
“ Good-night,”—I whisper low,
With earnestness and meaning so intent,
It almost seems my soul could travel hence,
Through space to find you, dear,
I love you so.

“ Good-night, my precious love ;”
The clock ticks loudly for the house is still,
Loose leaves at rest upon the window sill
Stir whisp’ringly,—e’en so might angels move.
“ Good-night, dear heart, good-night.”

“Good-night, my precious love ;”
All day there has been darkness in my heart,
All day without you—oh, the grewsome hours,
To think of you and know our paths apart ;
To think some walks are strewn so thick with flowers,
And my way wends so sad and void of light—
“ Good-night, dear heart, good-night !”

TO MINNIE A. SHINN.

Do you know there is a time in our lives,
When the weeds grow wild and high,
When we are hedged in by many a sin,
And we nothing can see but sky?

There is many a mountain-walled fiord,
That when it we closer scan,
Has gates where a thousand could walk abreast,
Though they looked too small for a man.

If your soul is bound by iron bands,
And your hands are held by a chain,
And the weeds grow rank and bold around,
And into your life falls rain—

Know then 'tis your growing time,
Your season of sowing and tears,
Of longings fraught with cruel pain,
Of hopes that are partly fears.

WISDOM.

“You cannot play in the yard, today, my child,”

Said the mother in accents low,

“For this is the day of the Lord, our God,

And he wouldn't be pleased you know.”—

But baby looked across the lawn,

Where the flakes fell light, and gay ;

“Then God is bad”—he sobbingly said,

“For He snows on the Sabbath Day !”

TO ULYSSES.

Oh, unknown guest, to think that thou
Shouldst from thy home an exile be!
Oh, unknown guest, by firesides bright
Are told thy wanderings o'er the sea.
And didst thou find the sunny isles
That lie beyond the sunset's glow—
And didst thou find Achilles there,
The spirit that thou once didst know?
Oh, unknown guest, how often we
Do think of thee when bread we break,
And thinking thus do kinder grow
To other guests, for thy dear sake.

RECOGNITION.

'Twas a face I met on the crossing
In a city's crowded street,
Where thousands of people day by day,
Jostle and part and meet.

One glance, but he told his story,
And I answered as best I could
The gleam in his eye, that seemed to say
He was glad that I understood.

A chance face at the crossing,
A smile on the crowded street,
Yet, somehow, somewhere, out of the depths
We too shall someday meet.

We shall meet perhaps when life is old,
And each has had his day,
But, oh, I know, I am sure of this—
We two shall meet, someday.

THE POET.

The poet sang of joy, and lo !
The cold world passed him by,
He sang of fame and deathless name,
But met no answering cry.
Then worn with many labors,
And ill from care and strife,
In his heart's blood he dipped his pen
And with it wrote his life.
Then men stood still to listen,
And critics paused to hear ;
They gave him—dead—the garlands red—
He'd sought for many a year.

THE STORM.

The thunder moans ; the heavens weep,
Stained clouds fly frightened by ;
Some demon in his rage has hurled,
His ink-stand through the sky.

MY FRIEND.

Most gracious is she, with a face God made when he was glad,
And a smile such as he gave the sunset and the morn—
A gentleness that soothes the merry troop
Of care-free children and of care-worn men.
A heart that opens to this world of pain,
Because it hath and holdeth secrets of its own,
Yet is as open as a jasmine full blown.
With a voice tender, low and sweet,
Like heavenly winds blown soft across a sweet voiced lute,
Or æolian music borne from far away,
That quiets, soothes and gently woos to sleep;
And eyes, whose limpid depths I know
Hold grief and secret pain,
But because the world has much of this,
Keep their surface blue and calm.

* THE FOLDED HANDS.

Oh, painter of old, I have seen your hands,
As they hang in that famous row,
And the beautiful story of how they were born,
Cries out from the long ago.
In fancy I am seated in that Nuremberg studio,
I see two pictures painted,
And I hear your cry of woe :—" Oh, these hands of mine "—
You are saying, " For what, for what were they made?
For all my bright hopes wither, and all my day-dreams fade.
You—you are the artist Durer, but I can never know
The joy of my heart's expression "—And you clasped your
worn hands—so.
I hear the master answer, and he says—"They shall never
fade,
For I your hands will fashion, with color, and brush, and
skill,
And make of them one of the pictures
At which the world shall thrill.
I see you sit for the master,
Folding your hands of snow,

* A true story of the famous German artist, Durer, and his friend, Franz Kneigstein.

THE FOLDED HANDS.

And I see the look of despair on your face ;
For how could your poor heart know
That ages and ages after
The people would gather to hear
How Durer, the master, painted
The hands of his friend so dear—
Your hands that gave to the artist
The theme for his master-song,
Have reached out to hearts of thousands,
And immortalized the wrong.
And Durer, who sits in glory,
Never alone can be,
For the world would ask of him ever,
Your comrade—where is he?

OUT DOORS.

There is a wonderful temple just over the way
With turrets, and columns, and towers,
With vast anchored mirrors, and couches of green,
And banks of most beautiful flowers.
The Host of that mansion is always at home,
He greets every guest with a smile,
From Life's silvery fountain He filleth our cup,
And pledging our health to our lips holds it up,
And our cares from ourselves doth beguile.
Oh, wonderful house with your song-laden air,
Oh, house with your velvety floors,
We long for your quiet when weary of strife,
For you're 'God's wondrous temple-out-doors!'

THE GATE.

Between the good and the evil of earth
There's a gate that so easily swings,
It seems that a breath might put it ajar,
So lightly it turns on its hinge—
While under its shadow a demon waits,
To clutch those who pass with the clutch of fate.

On this side, there in the distance, glow
Columns so grand and high,
While the sunset's beauty never kissed
A fairer sea or sky.
And mellow and soft it tenderly clings
To the gate-way's edge like a golden fringe.

Over the arches a darkness rests
Like that which precedes the morn,
And wild winds weep o'er a wicked world
And wail for the souls forlorn.
Their voices cry out to the passers by,
To warn of the death that the wicked die.

Between the good and the evil of earth
There's a gate that so lightly swings,
That a thrust of fate or an angry word
May turn it on its hinge.
Then lead back the ones who have gone astray,
For they are the good who have lost their way.

MY KINGDOM.

My sweetheart's face is my kingdom,
And I would not give it, not I,
For all the wealth of the Indies,
Nor all the gems neath the sky.
His smile is like dawn on the ocean,
Or like morn on the western hills;
And his voice is like angel's music
That quickens, and blesses, and thrills.
His kiss is like snow-fall at even
That silently, slow comes down,
And lingers awhile so tenderly,
And freshens the tired town.
So my sweetheart's face is my kingdom,
And I am its queen, and I
Would not trade it for Solomon's riches,
Nor all the gems neath the sky.

CALVARY'S EMBLEMS.

The Savior's cross was made of a bough
Of an Aspen tree, they say,
And so for shame all the endless years,
It has shook in that frightened way.

And the Arum leaf wears its dark brown stains
Because its vase-like form
Caught the blood that flowed from the wounded side—
Caught it, while yet 'twas warm.

And the Passion flower with its starry eyes,
And its shadowy petals with mystical lines,
Is the Christian's sign of the mortal pangs
Which their Savior suffered on Calvary.

MILO'S FAITH.

Mother had told him the cookies were gone,
But nurse took the boy on her knee,
And said : " I think I could find just one—
Would I better go and see?"

But baby shook his curls of gold,
And sternly answered, "No,
Mother said they were gone, and what she says
Is so if it isn't so!"

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh, heart that holdeth millions in thy clasp,
Oh, soul, that every truth hath felt, at last
We come to lay our tribute at thy feet,
And pray it may thy grace and welcome meet.
Oh come tonight, and with us sit around the festive board,
Oh, come tonight, and with the other memories that we hoard,
Tell of the toil and strife we thought not of, nor know,
The angry storms and winds that oft beset thee so ;
The poverty that bruised thy fragrant soul,
'Till from it, flowed the musk, that filled the bowl
Of human needs and public sentiment—
Tell of thy longings after truth, thy sorrow, anguish and thy youth,
Wherein thou sang what shall forever ring far down the ages,
'Till eternal spring shall gather that which should united be,
And add the little to the great—our hearts to thee.
Tell of thy sins, 'tho they forgotten are,
For we who love the bard can see afar
And know the fire that made thy fame to glow,
Made other passions fierce to burn, and show,
Beneath the web that custom weaves for men.
Then come tonight and sit among us here,
And drink free of our wine, and homely cheer,
And make us feel the truth you have so trite expressed—
“ A man's a man for 'a that,”
And all the rest.

I WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

O, man of the world, your love's but a name,
A plea for passion, a cover for shame ;
A stranded bark on a rocky shore,
A broken shell that rings no more—

I wonder why 'tis so.

Love comes, you say, like the sedge's sigh,
But all too quickly the dream goes by,
And 'ere you're aware, you stand knee deep
In your bright dream's ashes ; then moan and weep,
And wonder why 'tis so.

Although some woman tried and true
Pours out her soul in her love for you,
You heed her not, but pass her by,
You hear not the moan, nor the stifled cry ;
I wonder why 'tis so.

You seek new pleasures and dream new dreams,
And forget her pain in the changing scenes ;
You return at last to find her true,
For nothing could change her love for you ;
I wonder why 'tis so.

Constancy is a woman's pride,
She moans when a widow, she laughs when a bride,
And she loves you, yes, as the angels do,
Although you are false, unkind, untrue ;—
I wonder why 'tis so.

SHALL I FORGET?

Because I see you, dear, day after day,
Because together you and I alway,

Shall I forget

When storms come dark and drear, to woo to sleep
You with my love, and beg of Him to keep

You from the blast?

Because from morn to eve we're ne'er apart,
Because we live together, heart to heart,

Shall I forget

To smile away the frown when you are sad,
To give the parting kiss that makes you glad,

My precious pet?

Because all night your head lies on my breast,
Because I often wake and kiss you as you rest,

Shall I forget

When morning comes to clasp you closer still, and say :
“ Lo, I am thine, and thou art mine, sweet one alway ! ”

WHEN THE HARVEST IS HOME.

“ When the harvest is home ”—we say to ourselves,

“ Our work will be over then,
And we will be free from the care and the strife
That trouble the souls of men. ”

“ When the harvest is home ”—at last all is done,
And the grain is garnered in ;

But somehow the rest brings not the joy
We always thought to win.

“ When the harvest is home ”—we count our gains,
But they seem so pinched and small,
That for the labor and care and strife
They do not repay at all.

SUNSET LAND.

TO M. M. K.

Out of our sight you have passed, dear one,
Out of the moaning and the tears,
Out of the daily cares and fears,
Out of the anguish and the woe :
And I who loved and miss you so,
Do often in my memory go
Back to the time when hand in hand,
We journeyed forth to Sunset Land.

And how, oh dear one, could I know,
So soon you would tire of earth, and lo !
Then losing clasp upon my hand,
Go forth alone to Sunset Land?
I seem alone to miss the way,
I cannot find the shining bay ;
Oh, give me once again your hand,
That I may go to Sunset Land.

TEARS.

Tears are the golden chain that clasp again
This broken garment—life ;
The springtime showers that bring the flowers
With which the earth is rife.

THE DEPARTED.

Not only those who are dead are passed away ;
I've friends whose voice I yearn for, and whose smile
Could change my tears to gladness, but whose touch
Will never gladden heart of mine again—
And yet they are not dead.

Not only those who are dead are gone away.

No funeral train was sweeping past,
And yet I saw them pass out of my life,
Smiling and beckoning as they went,
But to return to me on earth no more.

Not alone the dead are the departed,
For, lo ! one whom I met and loved in early life,
With hope's fresh blossoms on his boyish brow,
Came close to me and looked into my eyes,
And bade me follow, but I could not go,
And so he, too, is gone—

Gone all of them forever, 'tho we may meet
As seaweed may meet seaweed, blown by angry wind or tide,
A smile, a recognition, and then lost
Among the seething mass of foam forever.
For they who are dead may vigils keep
Over their true and faithful friends,
And joy to know their gladness and grieve to know their pain,
But those whom life hath separated
May weep and moan and stretch out empty hands,
But only winds and waves reply,
And they but mock us.

BERMUDA.

In thy magic spell lies all the charm of lotus isles
And in thy loving clasp you keep my heart a captive
As in days of old a monarch kept in turret tower
Some prisoner of war, for warlike ends.

One endless line of white—save where some vine doth twine
About the feet of crumbling cottage, or the royal palms do woo
The shore, or where the azure of the matchless bay doth greet
The eye with iridescent sounds. All else is like thy lily fields—
Pure white—emblem of rest. Thy homes are guarded by thy coral
reefs

Which keep at bay, alike, the hunter and the hound. You are
the key

To greater things, and well you guard your treasure ; for while
You let the weary in, you are to those who seek for gain,
A wall impregnable.

TRUST.

I do not doubt, 'tho all my daily prayers
Come floating back unanswered still to me,
I shall believe that somehow, 'tho unseen,
The answers sought were never meant to be.

I do not doubt, 'tho heights I hoped to win
Are strewn with cruel thorns that tear my feet,
I shall believe that on that dizzy crest,
There dwells a foe it were not well to meet.

I do not doubt, 'tho round me tempests toss,
And dark the night no brightness pierces through,
I still believe that God in mercy does
What's best for everyone, for me and you.

THE STAR.

Long years ago across the sky,
A wondrous star went wandering by,
And ever since the world has wore
A joy it never knew before.

Oh, wondrous star! oh, light divine!
That shines for every age and clime,
You smoothe for weary feet the road,
You lift from aching hearts the load.

LIFE.

A careless happy child that shuts his eyes
And lays him down to slumber pure and sweet,
Wakes wild to find himself a man
With all a man's vain hopes—
Ah, this is life!

MOTHERHOOD.

Two angels came in the dead of night,
And each one bore a crown ;
One brought a motherhood's message of joy,
And one with death came down.

One was the angel of life, and one
Was the white-robed angel of peace ;
One bade my pulses with joy to thrill,
And one bade my pulses cease.

One showed me the harp, and the gown
Which to wear, for me were eternal gain,
But I chose the motherhood's crown of joy
With the motherhood's cross of pain.

TO-DAY.

Some wait for to-morrow's sun
To fill the world with glee,
Or wait till their toil is done
Ere they launch their boats at sea—

And some look back at the years,
Half forgotten, and past and dead—
And some with a mournful cry
Wait to-morrow's dawn with dread—

But I, in whose weary life
The sun shines faint and low,
Seek out some gladness every day,
For I think God meant it so.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

To be heartless, cruel and cold,
To be vain of its rank and gold,
To cast you aside when sorrows betide,
 Is the way of the world.

To sneer when you're working for fame,
But when the height you attain
To say that they *knew* there was genius in you,
 Is the way of the world.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

He tried to pin his soul to earthly things,
But at the faintest jar his soul took wings
And bore him far away, and showed him there
The men of earth, with all their hearts laid bare ;
Then bade him see his own, and lo !
His heart was made of lute-strings frail as snow.

MY VALENTINE.

Thou art my valentine ; for lo !
Although thy hand was never clasped in mine
I surely know, some day,
Across the weary waste that parts us, dear,
You'll clasp my hand in thine,
And then all fear shall fold its wings
And from us flee away, because, Love,
With that dawning, comes our day. ' .

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

A delicate boy with a twisted leg
Was trudging along one day,
When I stopped to pity the little man,
And some kindly words to say.
“I know lots of boys who are cripples,” he said,
“So it doesn't matter—much.”

O brave little soul with your cross of pain,
I would that our hearts could say,
When the cares of life press heavily,
And our erstwhile sky is grey :
“There are others who bear a load of care,
So it doesn't matter—much.”

IN TENNESSEE.

In Tennessee, in Tennessee
The morn breathes perfume o'er the lea,
And every tree and every flower
Doth smile a welcome every hour—
In Tennessee.

In Tennessee, in Tennessee,
There never lived a bird or bee
But told its secret unto me,
For Tennessee, my love, holds thee—
Dear Tennessee.

TRUST ON.

“ Oh loving heart, trust on ! trust on ! ”
Tho' life is dark, and cold, and drear ;
For many be who need thy cheer.
Trust on !

“ Oh, loving heart, trust on ! trust on ! ”
The world far better is for thee ;
Earth needs no sorrow, naught but glee.
Trust on !

“ Oh, loving heart, trust on ! trust on ! ”
The sinner vile is better made
For one sweet trust to him conveyed.
Trust on !

“ Oh, loving heart, trust on ! trust on ! ”
For if thy soul was not so white,
You'd not view others in that light.
Trust on !

THE SINGER.

I dreamed that she entered the gates of God's beautiful city,
And sang but one song.

The angels all paused till she finished, and then,
With the crown meant for genius, encircled her head,
And bore her away to the Master, for He
Is Music, and Nature, and Genius—these three.

Then He placed in her hand the banner of triumph, [sat.
And gave her the seat where for ages untold the gifted have
And then, as the weary of earth did appear,
He would bid her to sing.
Then they all stood mute as the martyrs of old,
And as still as the grave.

Lo! when she had finished, far over the hills,
And oceans and seas of God's Paradise [ceased;
There echoed a choir of innumerable voices. The harmony
The messengers flew to the uttermost parts of the city,
And told how an angel, once fallen to earth, had returned,
And sang so that fountains, and torrents, and birds stopped
to listen :

How God, with His infinite justice,
Had crowned her the queen of all those who sing.

I awoke; and now I know that all those who sing were
once angels in heaven,
Who have fallen to earth; and all that they bring
As a sign of their birth is the God-given talent to sing.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“Spirit, what is death?” I cried
To a spectre at my side.
“Is it a day-dream fair,
Does it no suffering bear,
What of its night?”
Then the spirit closer drew,
And his arms about me threw;
“Tell me first,” he made reply,
“Since you mortals fear to die,
What may be this phantom-life?”
But alas, I could not say
Whether it was grave or gay,
Whether it was ill or well,
What it is I could not tell,
So the spirit went his way.

I AM NOT WEARY, LORD.

I am not weary, Lord,
I would not lay
My half-earned tribute down,
Ah, no, but rather would I
Labor to the end.

I do not ask for rest,
For only just begun
My life work is; oh, see,
How all unfinished still,
It clings to me.

I only ask for strength
Such as the brave possess,
Who win the strife;
Such as the martyr wears,
Till ends his life.

I only ask for faith,
And peace, such as the sainted know,
So that where'er thou leadest, Lord,
My feet may go.

OUR LIFE.

Our life is full of bugle-calls, and cries,
And honest battle. He who idly whiles his time away,
Wakes at the last to find his heart run o'er
With noxious weeds, which yield but discontent ;
While he who stoutly struggles in the fight,
Wears in his heart not only toil's reward,
But sweet content which brighten all his days.

THOUGHTS ON MOUNT MASSIVE.

Aloft I stand, so close to Heaven's dome,
It almost seems that I could raise my hand,
And touch earth's gauzy canopy—
So far away, and yet so close to heaven.
Methinks across the waste of peaks there comes
The sound of chiming bells, and myriad voices
Chanting praise to Him who is our God,
Our Father, and our Friend.

I list, for now the rocks,
The tree far down below, the flowers sweet,
That grow mid banks of snow—all say,
“ Learn, learn of us, we stay
Where God has placed us, and through
The changing years we question not his purpose,
Neither ask why here we stand, instead of far below.”
Oh, Thou, who watcheth o'er the peaks,
And snow, and mountain pines, who hath
Directed through the lapse of time
The storms, and waves, and angry winds,
Do with us as thou wilt, and know we are content.

TO HJALMAR HYORTH BOYESEN.

Not for thee do we mourn, but for ourselves.
Our grief, our loneliness, our pain—not yours—
We cry against. For you we know creation's miracle
Has been wrought anew; for you release from flesh,
With all its ills and all its woe; for you
The sun-burst on a thousand hills—but ah, for us,
The pall, the silent grave, the loss immutable.

MY PRAYER.

Let me cross where the stream is narrow,
And clear as a mountain rill,
Where it softly murmurs a carol
At the base of the holy hill,
For I somehow fear lest my spirit,
Just loosed from its tent of clay,
Might sink in the deep, dark water
If the haven seemed far away.
If it caught no sound of the music,
No breath of eternal flowers,
It might—oh, God forgive me—
Yearn again for its earthly bowers.
Let me cross where the stream is narrow,
For when earth fades away,
I will faint and die in the darkness
If I catch not a glimpse of day.

NIGHT.

The day was worn ; so wearily
She slipped into the West,
When Night, that sable tyrant, caught
And hid her in his breast.

THE DIFFERENCE.

One lay in her home of splendor,
With her studied passionless grace,
On a divan of velvet and satin—
And dreamed of her sweetheart's face.

One sat at evening, idle,
In the ruddy firelight's glow,
And waited for him, whose love and sin,
Made her life a heaven below.

One had blood that traveled
Fast enough to keep life intact—
And one with her hot blood surging,
Strove to keep the demon back.

One fell, as an angel falleth
To hell, from her flowery home ;
And one in her frigid body,
Kept her soul as white as foam.

One lived her life as a sinner,
With her fiery blood and mold ;
One lived her day in a sinless way,
And was listless, heartless, cold.

I'LL LEAVE THEE NOT.

I lay me down to rest in marble palace
Or in peasant's cot,
Secure from harm ; these words my charm :
 " Rest well, I'll leave thee not ! "

" I'll leave thee not,"—oh, wondrous thought
 That fills my heart with glee ;
How can I fear, when He is near,
 And watcheth over me ?

* WAIKIKI.

Ever, ever to my senses do the waves an echo bring,
Ever, ever to my nostrils comes a perfume as of spring;
Then I seem to hear the breakers dash against that crescent
shore,

And I know for me its music is hushed forevermore.
Yes, often in my visions I this land in fancy see,
And I hear the wild waves dashing on the shore, at Waikiki.

Oh, again to watch the daylight as it fades behind the reef,
Tips the trembling palms with crimson,
Throws the mountains in relief;

Oh, again to watch the natives as they float there, man and
maid,

For they seem like human seaweed, wove together in a braid.
Oh, I love you, fair Hawaii! Oh, I love you, sparkling sea!
But better and still better do I love you, Waikiki.

Now, Oh, look! the moon is rising over stately Diamond Head,
Making all the earth like morning, making all the hilltops red.
Lying yonder is the city with its wondrous gleaming light,
To the left the row of palm trees with their arms stretched to
the night,

Overhead the breath of flowers, at our feet the sounding sea;
Thou art God's most cherished jewel, Oh, thou matchless
Waikiki!

* A Hawaiian word, meaning "near the sea," and applied to the beach near Honolulu.

BEHIND THE VOICE.

His voice was weak, and so I censured him,
Who having body, spirit lacked,
Who having life, yet soul had been denied.
But when he saw me worn, and weary with the fray,
And almost ready down my tiresome task to lay—
He took me by the hand and bade me see
How near, how near my goal lay unto me!
And left me there, upon fair Pisgah's height,
For he, the man, was "Will."
His voice was—"Might."

OH, SILVERY MOON.

Oh, silvery moon, art thou the same
That did look down on Israel's fame,
On Israel's anguish and her woe?
Did'st see how once a Jacob slept
Within our tents, while angels crept
From earth to heaven on rounds of snow?
Oh, silvery moon, fair Israel's queen
Among our tents no more is seen.
We have a million sovereigns now ;
Each woman wears proud Esther's grace,
Each one to us as fair of face
As she of long ago.
Oh, silvery moon, our tribe is spread
From sea to sea, but lifts its head
With all the pride of days of yore ;
For nations from our seed will spring,
And to our Faith as firmly cling,
As we who've gone before.

SWEET SPIRIT.

Sweet spirit, not of earth thou art, but heavenly mold ;
Eternal youth thou hast, more precious far than gold ;
A heritage thou own, not won by earthly hands,
'Tis guarded not by locks, nor bound with iron bands ;
Not wealth, for many fools with gold are weighted down,
But only worth itself can wear the laurel crown.

NOW I LAY ME.

Near the camp-fire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
Up to twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air,
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the boughs of yonder tree,
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody;
Foemen may be lurking near
In the canon dark and deep;
Low I breathe that none may hear,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see,
One the angels bore away,
Mother who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In this lonely mountain brake—
Take me to her, Father dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

NOW I LAY ME.

Fainter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies,
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries.
Over me they seem to cry,
“ You may never more awake,”
Low I lisp : “ If I should die,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

COMPENSATION.

She died when the fields with lilies were white,
And they gave her a wreath for a crown,
They bore her away at the dawning of day,
And in Mother Earth's arms laid her down.

I thought how through days that were heavy with pain,
And nights that were full of despair,
She had longed for a rose, white as drear winter snows,
To make her poor casement less bare.

The thought comes o'er me again and again,
And with it how great the pain grows—
We make for our dead, of flowers a bed,
Though they sobbed out their life for a rose.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

In and out of the little room,
Like a wandering spirit to and fro,
With a cry in my heart, and a pain in my breast,
I am all alone with this gloomy guest—
My baby has gone to school.

In and out of the little room,
I gather the playthings one and all,
And weep o'er the crib in the garret placed,
The cast-off shoes, and the knitted waist—
My baby has gone to school.

Here are the gowns that he used to wear,
And his little hood—how his golden hair
Around its edge made a shining rim—
Oh, everything seems to speak of him—
Now that he has gone to school.

Here are the blocks that he used to build,
While I sat idly by, framing for him
As mothers will, castles that reached the sky.
Now with books and lessons he'll soon begin—
My baby has gone to school,

DAWN.

My Love and I at dawn of day
Watched all the East sky turn from grey,
Into the shades of red and gold;
We watched the new-born maid unfold
Her arms unto her lover, old;
We saw the clouds come down to hold
The glistening peaks, so white and cold;
We saw the night at sight of sun
Gather her lanterns, one by one,
Then calling darkness from its play,
She clasped it close, and flew away.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sun has set ; and by the shore
I wander idly to and fro
Watching the pulsing golden West
Redd'ning the breakers' silvery snow,

And I am sad. For once there rocked
A tiny craft so close to shore,
Anchored within the haven safe,
But now it never greets me more.

So fair it was, so lightly set
Upon the margin of the sea,
It swung all day upon his breast
And danced with joy to welcome me..

Some say my craft was lonely so,
And longed to sail the boundless sea ;
Some say it heard the Master's voice,
And broke its anchor and went free.

Some say my little boat has gone
Forever from my sight and ken,
I trust them not, but watch and wait,
For one glimpse of its sails again.

Beyond my ken! How can that be,
When in the hollow of His hand
The Master holds the shining sea,
And all the busy throbbing land?

The bell-buoy keepeth watch with me,
 And from its lookout on the bar
 It signals every passing ship,
 And sends the message near and far.

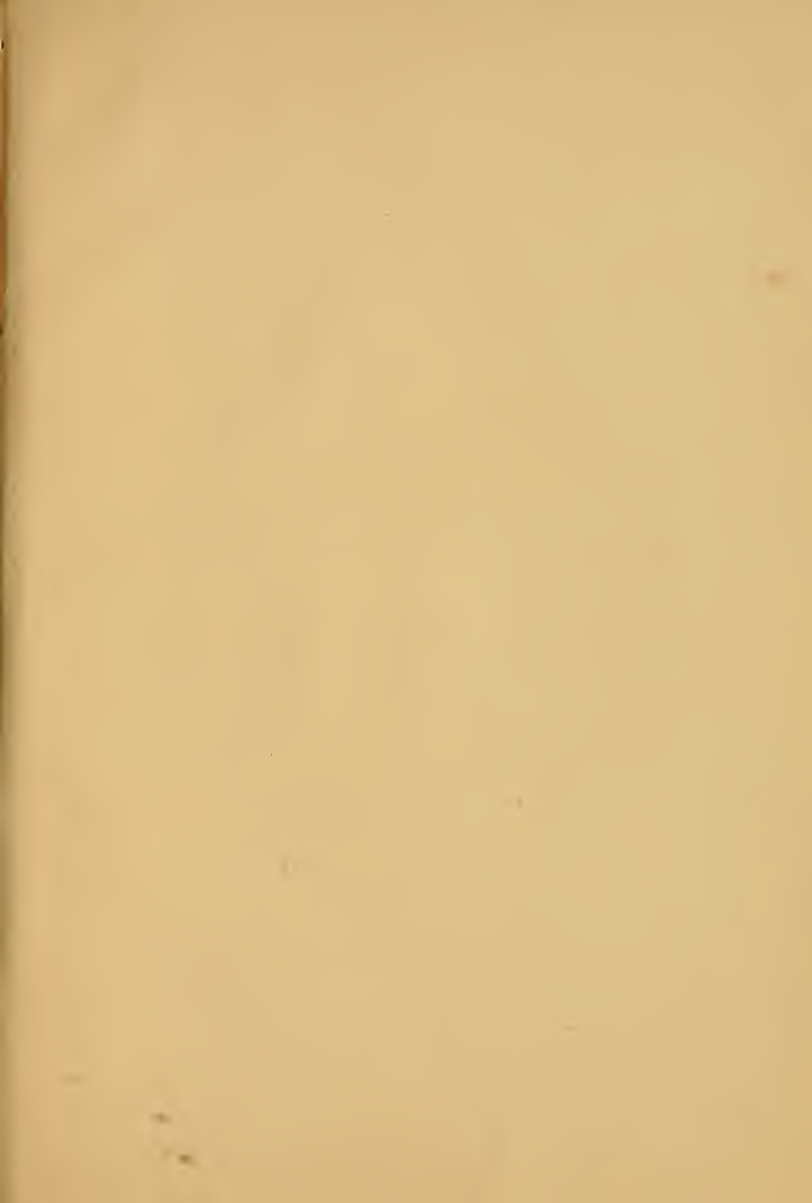
But none has spoke the little craft ;
 Perhaps it sailed the welkin through—
 Or may be, wearied of the waste,
 And all the dreary stretch of blue.

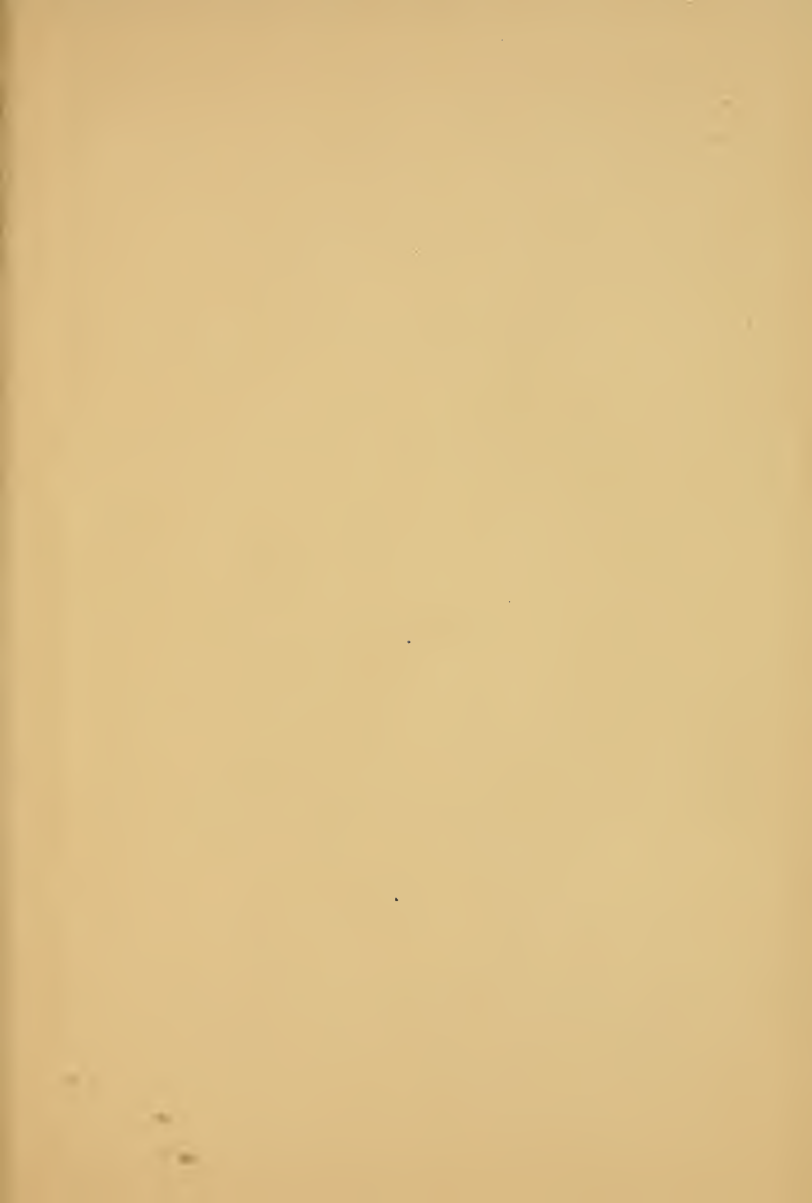
The sea is kind ; for when I come
 At morn to scan the waters o'er,
 To see if there a sail may be
 Which 'scaped my vision once before—

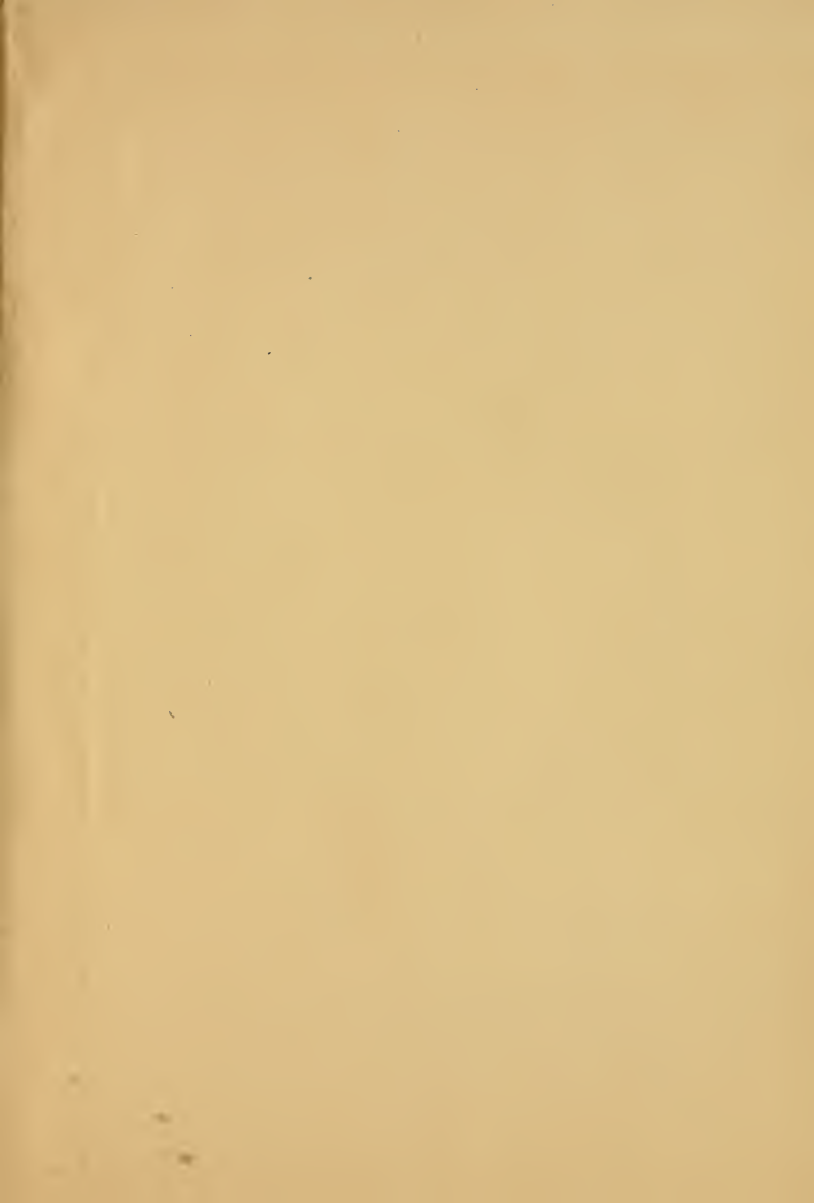
He hushes then the noisy play
 Of all his children on the shore,
 And weeps with me 'till evening comes,
 And I can see to watch no more.

And yet I know some day, when I
 Go down to scan the waters o'er,
 I'll see my craft upon the foam,
 Her white prow bearing toward our shore.

And when we set the spotless sails,
 Unfurl the flag and put to sea,
 The bell-buoy from its anchor there,
 Will be the first to join with me.







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